QUARTER-DAY.

AN INTERLUDE.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE, DOVER,

By R. SICKELMORE,

AUTHOR OF EDGAR; OR, THE PHANTOM OF THE CASTLE, A ROMANCE, IN TWO VOLUMES:—SALTINBANCO; OR, THE DISAGREEABLE SURPRIZE, AN OPERA:—THE FARCE OF THE DREAM, &c. &c. &c.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR AMOROUS GREY. ..... Mr Clarke

GRIPEALL. ..... Mr Reddy

HEELPIECE. ..... Mr Hippisley

LADY GREY. ..... Mrs Wilson

AND

MAUD. ..... Mrs Grieve.

SCENE;

HEELPIECE's DWELLING.

BRITISH MUSEUM

QUARTER-DAY.

SCENE I.

HEELPIECE *discovered at work. A bed in one corner of the apartment; two large trunks and lumber of various kinds in the other corner.*

Heelpiece, (ſinging.)

AIR I.——Tune, "*When good King Arthur.*"

A COBLER once, as I've been told,
Did entertain a KING,
With Eggs and Bacon, Beans and Peas;
And rare old Plum-Pudding.

Hail fellows well met! Since which time Coblers have been claſſed with the firſt Nobility in the Land, and their Societies have been regularly attended—

With rare old Plum-Pudding.

The KING and COB. ſat down to eat,
With appetites moſt keen;
When done, the KING made COB. a Knight,
The like was never ſeen.

Since which time, Coblers have ever been denominated Knights of the Laſt; or, to make the term more clearly underſtood, the Laſt at Night,—particularly when a Drop of the Creature invites their ſtay, faith but they do take it to heart in a moſt ſurpriſing manner—

The like was never ſeen.

SCENE II.

Enter MAUD.

Maud.

AIR II.——Tune, "*Black Joke.*"

Give over, you tippling Sot,
Why ſo merry, good lack, what have you forgot,
The Landlord, this day, has ſent twice for his rent.

Heelpiece.

You troubleſome Huſſey, get out of my ſight,
You're muttering ever from Morning till Night.
You rattling, rumbling, growling, grumbling,
Squalling, clattering, bawling, battering,
Always diſſatisfied, never content.

Maud.

How is it poſſible I can be otherwiſe than diſſatisfied, you deceitful Hypocrite!—did you not tell me, before we were married, that you was worth, the Lord knows how much, and that I ſhould live in as great a ſtyle as any Ducheſs in the land, and that you would keep a Chair for my own private uſe, and that—

Heelpiece.

Well, my dear, and in that laſt article I have kept my word.—Here's the chair I purchaſed on purpoſe for you! therefore, ſit down, and make yourſelf eaſy; or, you know, I muſt apply the recipe preſcribed by Doctor Strap,—a ſure remedy to cure a termagant wife.

Maud.

Aye, that's your brutal method; inſtead of endeavouring, like a man, to redreſs my grievances, when

I complain, you treat me with all that rigidneſs, as if I was your ſlave, and obliged to ſubmit, without replying, to as many laſhes as you can find pleaſure in beſtowing. But I'll let you know, for the future, who I am, that's what I will,—you hideous Monſter!

Heelpiece.

Damn me! but I'll find a method to cool your courage, Maud!—*(As Heelpiece advances to ſtrap her, Maud falls on her knees.)*

Maud.

O mercy! dear, dear Heelpiece! I was to blame, pray forgive me this time——

Heelpiece.

Well, then, avoid this behaviour in future; when repentance beams in the eye, correction may extinguiſh the light.——Who the devil are you, Sir! how dare you enter my caſtle, without firſt announcing your approach, by moving the braſs knocker which I have fixed upon the portal, for that purpoſe.

Enter GRIPEALL.

Gripeall.

AIR III.

I am deputed by his Worſhip, Sir Amorous Grey,
You cannot ſurely have forgot that this is Quarter-day,
Your Goods will be by Auction ſold without more delay,
His Worſhip wants his Money, and you have none to pay.

Heelpiece.

Deſperation, deſperation,
Poverty, and a rigid Landlord, has driven many an honeſt Man to—Deſperation.

Gripeall.

Imprimis—A bed, a mop, a broom, a broken pail,
A three-legg'd ſtool, a one arm'd chair, a cat without a tail,
A mouſe-trap, an iron pot, muſt all prepare for ſale,
Except the debt you inſtant pay, or friends procure to bail.

Heelpiece.

O that ſome good ſoul would view my caſe with Commiſeration,
And ſnatch me from the brink of—Deſperation.

Gripeall.

A knife, a fork, a pewter ſpoon, a dirty diſh, a clout,
Two pond'rous trunks, in good repair, made of oak ſo ſtout,
Two tea-cups, three ſaucers, a china pot without the ſpout—

Heelpiece.

Before that's lotted with the reſt, I'll ſwig the brandy out.
(Takes the tea-pot and drinks,
Conſolation, conſolation,
Brandy, to an honeſt heart in diſtreſs, is a wonderful—Conſolation.

Gripeall.

Two broken crocks, a ſpinning-wheel, a damaged bottle,
Four odd ſhoes, with cobling tools, without the lid a kettle,
A large iron candleſtick, a ſmaller one of metal,
With rat clam, ſpit, and poker, my bus'neſs here doth ſettle.
Wherefore, Sir, I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Heelpiece.

Why, to be ſure, you have left me, and in a bleſſed Situation,
From which I don't care how ſoon I experience an—Alteration.

Maud.

Now, do you know, my dear Heelpiece, I think I have diſcovered a way to pay Sir Amorous his rent, and keep our little all in our poſſeſſion ſtill.

Heelpiece.

Say you ſo; then by St. Criſpin, I'll kick Doctor Strap's recipe out of doors, and never apply to him

to

to cure your little tongue of ſcolding, in future.—But firſt of all, inform me which way you intend to accompliſh this?

Maud.

Why, you muſt know, that frequently when you have been from home, Sir Amorous has viſited me!

Heelpiece.

The devil he has!—Have a care, Maud, or I ſhall be about your houſe preſently!

Maud.

You have nothing to fear! I have ever been a faithful wife to you, though Sir Amorous has often attempted to make me otherwiſe; and no longer ago than laſt night, after you had acquainted him it would not ſuit you to pay him his rent immediately, he called upon me, and told me, unleſs I would conſent to his deſires, he would this day ſeize upon your goods for payment.

Heelpiece.

Ha! ha! ha!—Why, Maud, I am exactly in the ſame predicament with that weather-beaten old hag, his wife!

Maud.

What! with Lady Grey! impoſſible!

Heelpiece.

Why, confound your obſtinacy! look at me! you'll not a ſee a ſtraighter-made fellow on a Summer's day!

Maud.

Maud.

Had I known as much before, I had been leſs inflexible with Sir Amorous, I aſſure you!

Heelpiece.

What! are you jealous, Maud!—believe me, you have nothing to apprehend in that reſpect; the face ſhe held out for me was ſo courſe, that, though but a poor cobler, I wanted the appetite to fall too.

Maud.

I am ſatisfied. Sir Amorous, moſt likely, before he proceeds any farther, will call upon me for my final determination.

Heelpiece.

And by the ſame rule I may expect my Lady.

Maud.

And if we do not turn their folly to our own advantage, and lead them into ſome ridiculous ſituation or other——

Heelpiece.

Why then, it muſt be our own faults. Give me your hand, my Girl, and may this be the laſt time we ever ſhake them, if we don't make both of them, to their ſorrow, remember Quarter-Day.

AIR IV.——Tune, "*Mrs. Caſey.*"

Come then, dear Maud, we'll both contrive,
And manage matters rarely,
Another night, ere we ſurvive,
They'll both repent ſeverely.

Maud.

Maud.

When Fortune, favo'ring our intent,
The hobling couple ſend us;
Requeſting Love, or Quarter's Rent,
Invention then befriend us.

BOTH. Tol, lol, lol, lol, &c.

(To the firſt Part of the Tune, dancing at the ſame time.—After the above, three gentle knocks at the door.)

Maud.

Hark! I'm ſure it's Sir Amorous;—haſte, quick! and hide yourſelf!

(Heelpiece conceals himſelf, and Maud opens the door.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir AMOROUS GREY.

Sir Amorous.

May I venture in!—is that rogue, Heelpiece, from home?

Maud.

He is, Sir Amorous!—nor do I expect his return until to-morrow evening.

Sir Amorous.

Say you ſo!—Come then to my arms, thou dear delicious devil! and let me riot on thy charms!

(Seizes Maud round the waiſt, and attempts to kiſs her.

Heelpiece.

Damn the old rogue, how he mawls her!—I've a great inclination to diſcover myſelf, and break his bones.

Maud.

Maud.

For Heaven's ſake, Sir Amorous, be quiet!—*(Breaks from him.)*—Beſides, how can you expect I ſhould be kind,—remember, 'tis QUARTER-DAY!

Sir Amorous.

O! if that's all!—Here—conſent to gratify my wiſhes, and accept of this; and in the morning call and pay my wife. *(Offers Maud a Purſe.*

Maud.

O dear, Sir Amorous! I'm almoſt afraid to accept it!

Sir Amorous.

Take it! thou dear, bewitching little devil!—*(forces the Purſe into her hands)*—And all I've got ſhall be at thy diſpoſal.

AIR V.——Tune, *"How happy could I be with either."*

Now come to my arms thou dear creature,
With intereſt love for love pay,
A Cupid ſits perch'd on each feature,
And Heelpiece thy huſband's away.
Tol de rol, de rol, la rol, de lido,
With intereſt love for love pay,
With tol de rol, rol de lol, dido,
For, Heelpiece, thy huſband's away.

Come to my arms, then thou bright orb of light! that I may devour thee with kiſſes!

(Attempts to kiſs her,—a knocking at the door.

Maud.

Lord have mercy! what will become of us! I am ſure that's my huſband!—what can have brought him back ſo ſoon.

Sir

Sir Amorous.

Your huſband!—Hell and Furies! where can I hide myſelf!

Maud.

O! Sir Amorous! he will certainly murder you, if he diſcovers you here!

Sir Amorous.

How damned—*(knocking again)*—impatient the dog is! where, where can I conceal myſelf!

Maud.

Here, here, Sir Amorous! get into this cheſt,—he'll not ſtay long,—as ſoon as he departs, I'll haſten to releaſe you.——*(Maud opens one of the large cheſts.)*

Sir Amorous.

Be ſure you hurry him off again, as ſoon as poſſible:—*(Gets into the cheſt—knocking at the door again)* Zounds! how damned impatient the raſcal is!

Maud.

Quick! quick! or we ſhall be diſcovered!—*(Shuts him in the trunk.)*

Enter HEELPIECE.

Heelpiece.

Why, Maud! you have acted to a miracle!—But who the devil have we coming now! Haſte to the door! *(Maud peeps through the key-hole.)*

Maud.

As I live! 'tis Lady Grey!

Heelpiece.

Get you off then, Maud! and now leave me to play my part—*(ſhe is going)*—Maud, haſten out the back way, and in a few minutes rap at the front door, and leave the reſt to me. [*Exit Maud.*]—Now then for my Lady. *(Heelpiece opens the door.)*

SCENE V.

Enter LADY GREY.

Lady Grey.

Why, Heelpiece! how long you kept me waiting at the door.

Heelpiece.

I beg ten thouſand pardons! I, I,——

Lady Grey.

Come, come, never mind it; I wiſh to have a little goſſip with you. But firſt, where's Maud, your wife?

Heelpiece.

O, ſhe's with a relation of her's, about three miles off, who was laſt night taken ſuddenly ill, and I don't expect her home theſe three days.

Lady Grey.

Say you ſo! why that's fortunate! as my buſineſs is entirely with yourſelf!

Heelpiece.

I would reach your Ladyſhip a chair, but as my parlour boaſts but one, and I think you'd like to have

have honeſt Heelpiece near you, this trunk may ſuit us better, for here is room for both.

(Brings the empty trunk forward.)

Lady Grey.

Aye, now you are a kind ſoul! *(They both ſeat themſelves upon the trunk.)*—O you leering rogue! *(pats him on the face.)* — But, however, I come to inform you, that Sir Amorous means to diſtreſs you for the laſt Quarter's rent; but to prevent any diſagreeable conſequences that might occur to perplex you, love! Here's the amount; to-morrow call and pay the rigid brute his rent; and always ſmile upon me, as you do now, and I ſhall never deem the money ill-beſtowed.—*(Heelpiece receives a purſe.)*

Heelpiece.

O you beautiful creature!—the God of Love, at this moment, is daſhing my heart againſt my ribs with ſuch violence, that at each ſtroke, it rebounds like my broad-noſed hammer, when I ply it furiouſly to the repelling lapſtone! *(pats her face.)*

Lady Grey.

O you ſweet fellow!

Heelpiece.

O my Sugar-plum!

Lady Grey.

AIR V.——Tune, "*O the Days when I was young.*"

Kindly ever thus remain,
O thou dear enticing boy!
Happy will we meet again,
Deareſt ſource of all my joy!

Heelpiece.

Paſte-horn, ſtrap, and cobling awl,
Laſt, thread, pincers, all thrown by;
Ever ready at thy call,
Ever bleſt when thou art nigh.

Lady Grey.

Kindly ever thus remain,
O thou dear enticing boy!

BOTH. Happy will we meet again,
Deareſt ſource of all my joy!

(During the time they are ſinging this, Sir Amorous liſts up the lid of the other trunk, and, with evident ſurprize obſerves them, their backs toward him); at the concluſion

Sir Amorous exclaims,

Here's a damn'd ſcene of iniquity!—So, ſo, Madam! theſe are your tricks! you infernal Jezabel!

(A loud knocking at the door, Sir Amorous haſtily ſhuts himſelf into the trunk, Heelpiece and Lady Grey ſtart up aſtoniſhed.)

Lady Grey.

Mercy defend me! what can this be?

Heelpiece.

Don't alarm yourſelf, my Darling! be it whom it may, you ſhall not be diſcovered.—*(Heelpiece peeps through the key-hole.)*—The Devil fetch me! but it's Maud, my wife!

Lady Grey.

Maud!—O dear what will become of me! I wouldn't have her diſcover me here for the univerſe!—My dear Heelpiece! hide me in ſome obſcure place,

place, 'till you can get her out of the way!—Was ever any thing ſo unlucky! (*Heelpiece opens the trunk.*)

Heelpiece.

Here, my Lady! ſqueeze yourſelf into this trunk, and I warrant you, in a few minutes, I'll diſpatch her far enough off.

Lady Grey.

Any where! hurry her away as ſoon as poſſible!—Dear me! I'm ſo terrified!

(Heelpiece ſhuts her into the trunk.)

Heelpiece.

Damn me! but you'll never forget Quarter-Day!

(Opens the door—re-enter Maud.)

See here, my Girl! *(ſhews her the Purſe)*—Fortune ſmiles upon us!—I have her ſnug!—ſhe's there!

(Points to the trunk.)

Maud.

Now, what the plague ſhall we do with them?

Heelpiece.

Faith! I hardly know!—Suppoſe we nail down the lids, and ſet them both afloat in the river!

Maud.

Do you retire a few minutes;—we'll carry on the jeſt a little further, ere we diſcover them to each other; and when I hem, do you make a noiſe and enter.

Heelpiece.

Why, what the Devil are you going about now, Maud!—But, however, you ſhall act juſt as you pleaſe. [*Exit.*

Maud.

Maud.

Now then, to give my grey-headed charmer a little air! for by this time, I'm ſure, he muſt be on the verge of ſuffocation!

(Opens the trunk, Sir Amorous, wiping his face with his handkerchief, aſcends from it.)

Sir Amorous, (looking about him.)

So, they are gone, I find; but to-morrow will be time enough to think of that, the preſent moment ſhall be our own.

(Sir Amorous cloſes the trunk, and Maud and himſelf take their ſeats upon it)

Maud.

What is it diſturbs you, Sir Amorous?

Sir Amorous.

Nothing, my charmer!—When I look on your face, my troubles are immerſed in the gulph of oblivion. O you dear, delicious, little witch! *(Pats her cheek.)*

AIR VII.——Tune, "*Nancy Dawſon.*"

O Maud! thou loadſtone of my life,
Had Fortune doom'd me ſuch a wife,
My hours had roll'd devoid of ſtrife,
Dull Time had hobbled gaily.

Maud.

Would Fate had order'd matters ſo,
Alas! ſuch bliſs I ne'er muſt know,
My hours now paſs in ſecret woe,
For love conſumes me daily.

Sir Amorous.

O Maud! thou loadſtone of my life,——

Maud.

Maud.

Thou joy and comfort of my life,——

Sir Amorous.

Had Fortune ſent me ſuch a wife,——

Both.

Dull Time had hobbled gaily.

(During the time they are ſinging this, Lady Grey lifts up the lid of her trunk, and obſerves them,—they ſitting with their backs towards her); at the concluſion

Lady Grey exclaims,

Oh! oh! Sir Amorous! theſe are your gambols are they!—but I'll make you ſeverely repent this conduct, you old amorous fool!

Maud.

Hem! hem! *(A noiſe from within.)*

Sir Amorous.

What noiſe is that?

Maud.

It's my ugly huſband again, as ſure as a gun!—into the cheſt in a moment! *(Maud opens the trunk.)*

Sir Amorous.

Damn the troubleſome hound! I thought he had gone off with my wife!

Maud.

In—quick! or we're undone!

Sir Amorous.

Well, well! if it muſt be ſo——

(Sir Amorous enters the trunk again, and Maud cloſes the lid upon him.)

Re-enter

Re-enter HEELPIECE.

Well, Maud! I ſee you have kennell'd the old fox again!—but how are we to proceed now?

Maud.

Suppoſe we leave them to themſelves;—ſooner or later they'll diſcover each other, I warrant you!

Heelpiece.

Ecod! no bad thought!—come, Maud, we'll hide and watch them. (*They ſecrete themſelves.*)

(After a little time has elapſed, Sir Amorous lifts up the lid of his trunk with his head.)

Sir Amorous.

All ſeems quiet here!—Why, what can have become of Maud! I don't perceive any thing of her!

(Thruſts his head out of the trunk, the lid ſtill preſſing on his back.)

Lady Grey.

(Lifting up the lid of her cheſt in ſame manner.)

I declare I'm almoſt ſuffocated! where can my fool of a huſband have poked himſelf to!—I hope Heelpiece has not deſerted me!—All ſeems tranquil—

(Thruſts out her head in the ſame manner as Sir Ambroſe, they diſcover each other, and gaze with aſtoniſhment,—Maud and Heelpiece come forward.)

Maud and Heelpiece, (*each pointing at them*)

Ha! ha! ha! (*They throw open the lid.*)

Maud and Heelpiece, (*ſtill pointing.*)

Ha! ha! ha!

(Sir Ambroſe and Lady Grey ſtill continue to gaze upon each other.)

Maud.

Maud.

Come, riſe, my dove! you forget this is Quarter-Day!—Ha! ha! ha!

Heelpiece.

My deareſt life! ſuffer me to releaſe you from ſo diſagreeable a ſituation!—Come, my duck! reſt upon my arm for your ſupport. Why, damn me! but you're both petrified!

Maud and Heelpiece.

Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Amorous.

O! you vile huſſey! *(To Lady Grey.)*

Lady Grey.

O! you deceitful monſter!—but I've found you out!—

Sir Amorous.

And I have found you out, with a vengeance!—

Maud and Heelpiece.

Ha! ha! ha!

Heelpiece.

My Lady! you'll remember Quarter-Day!—Ha! ha! ha!—But, come, give me leave to aſſiſt you!

Maud.

And I'll aſſiſt my deary!

(They both quit the trunks.)

Sir Amorous.

O you vile woman! but there—I've done with you!

Lady Grey.

Don't reproach me, you ſtupid dolt! look to yourſelf! or I'll ſoon teach you better!

Maud.

Aye! what my Lady ſays, is very true!—had matters terminated as you would have had them, Sir Amorous,—your wife, ere this, had been—

Heelpiece.

A deer!—Ha! ha! ha! but Maud was too deep for you, old one!—Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Grey.

And had matters terminated accordant to my wiſhes, ere this, that Amorous fool had been—

Heelpiece.

A ram!—Ha! ha! ha!—therefore, down on your knees, old boy! and return me thanks for the diſgrace I've ſav'd you from. But, however, ſince you are both equally to blame, and no harm has been done on either ſide, the beſt method is to forgive each other, and me my Quarter's rent. No perſon but ourſelves is acquainted with what has happened. But if you refuſe to conciliate matters in the way that I've propoſed, there ſhall not be a ſoul within forty miles of the place, but I'll make it my buſineſs to inform of the whole affair.—Therefore, Sir Amorous, what ſay you?

Sir Amorous.

Well, well, I agree. *(Offers his hand to Lady Grey.)*

Lady

Lady Grey.

E'en be it ſo.—Thus then do I forgive and forget.
(Shake hands.)

Heelpiece.

And I hope all parties will be equally ſatisfied, and excuſe the freedom of an honeſt Cobler upon QUARTER-DAY! *(Bowing to the audience.)*

FINALE.

AIR VIII.——Tune, "*The Ball.*"

Mirth ſhall now our hours employ,
Let cheerful muſic play;
Nought ſhall prevail but love, and joy,
On Heelpiece's Quarter-Day.

All together.

Mirth ſhall now, &c.

Sir Amorous.

Moſt heartily I thee forgive,—— *(To Lady Grey.)*

Lady Grey.

We'll ne'er more diſagree;——

Maud.

Happy thus! long may we live!——

Heelpiece.

In Unanimity.

CHORUS.

Mirth ſhall now our hour's employ,
Let cheerful muſic play;
Nought ſhall prevail but love, and joy,
On Heelpiece's QUARTER-DAY.

FINIS.

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